

The TATLER

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London
December 6, 1944



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Yevonde

Lady Rumbold and Her Daughters

Formerly Miss Felicity Bailey, Lady Rumbold is the younger daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel F. G. G. Bailey, R.A., and Lady Janet Bailey, and is a cousin of the Earl of Incheape. She was married in 1937, and has three small daughters, Serena and Venetia, who were both born in Washington, and Camilla, a year and a half old. Her husband, Sir Anthony Rumbold, like his grandfather and his father before him, is in the Diplomatic Service and at present working at the Foreign Office. His father, Sir Horace Rumbold, P.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., M.V.O., who died in 1941, was Ambassador in Spain from 1923 to 1928, and for the next five years in Berlin



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Speech

THOSE who saw the King open the fifth session of this wartime Parliament were more than ever impressed by his bearing and the forceful manner in which he delivered the Speech from the Throne. It was a typically wartime scene, made drab and sombre by the absence of the scarlet robes of the peers, and the ceremonial dress of Court officials, not forgetting that those peeresses who were able to secure seats were not in evening dress, and were without their jewels, which in the old days caused such a lively glitter when the lights went up in the vast chamber, formerly occupied by the Lords, on the entrance of the King and Queen. It may be some years before such scenes, which have nostalgic memories for so many, will be re-enacted again. The rebuilding of the Chamber of the House of Commons will occupy several years, once it is started. Meantime the House of Commons will presumably meet in the House of Lords, and the peers will continue to accept the discomfort of their present cramped debating chamber.

Programme

THE programme outlined in the King's Speech indicated quite clearly that this new session is to be the last of this long Parliament. No definite promises were given about the enactment of social security legislation, because none of the parties in the Coalition can know which will be in power before the next session arrives. If there is to be a General Election, this will occupy quite a lot of time and eat into the legislative period. Behind the scenes, however, every effort is being made to get agreement among the parties for certain aspects of social legislation to be passed through

quickly, if only to ensure that these reforms, which are considered vital post-war measures, do not become political issues at the General Election. Immediate legislation was promised by the Prime Minister, in explanation of the Speech from the Throne, for financial guarantees to help export trade. Also legislation to help local authorities to embark on schemes of rehabilitation. For instance, municipalities in coastal resort areas are much concerned about the general dilapidation which the war has wrought through lack of paint. These sea-side resorts are particularly anxious to get to work, when the war is ended in Europe, on a policy of freshening up their localities. There is also a Government promise that means to maintain full employment of all able-bodied people after the war is over shall be examined as speedily as possible in order that the necessary plans can be made. This, of course, is the most vital of all the post-war problems. It is one in which the serving man is more concerned than anything else. Mr. Churchill knows this and never fails to stress its importance. A job and a home is a small but just reward for those who have fought these long years and have suffered many privations.

Record

THE White Paper describing Britain's prodigious war effort is a record of startling facts and figures which will be studied as much in Berlin as in Washington and Moscow. It shows the high degree of efficiency which a democracy can attain when a totalitarian State launches war on the world. The amazing way in which man-power and woman-power have been marshalled and organized to the highest degree possible is a tribute to the work of Mr. Ernest Bevin, the Minister of Labour

and National Service, and to the support which he must have received from the Prime Minister and all the members of the War Cabinet. If Britain can be as efficient and as productive under the stress of war, why should she not be just as efficient and as prosperous as she has been productive after the war? The White Paper shows what can be attained by national effort and, above all, national unity. Normally it has been the custom for successive British Governments to hide their lights under bushels, bushels of secrecy and security, as well as modesty. There is nothing modest about the White Paper, unless it is that there is no elaboration of the truth. All the facts are set down plainly and frankly. Too frankly, for some people who believe that the Germans might be able to cull something from the White Paper. But I accept Mr. Brendan Bracken's point of view when he says that if the Germans can find any comfort from this record of achievement, which cannot now be diminished, they will be lucky.

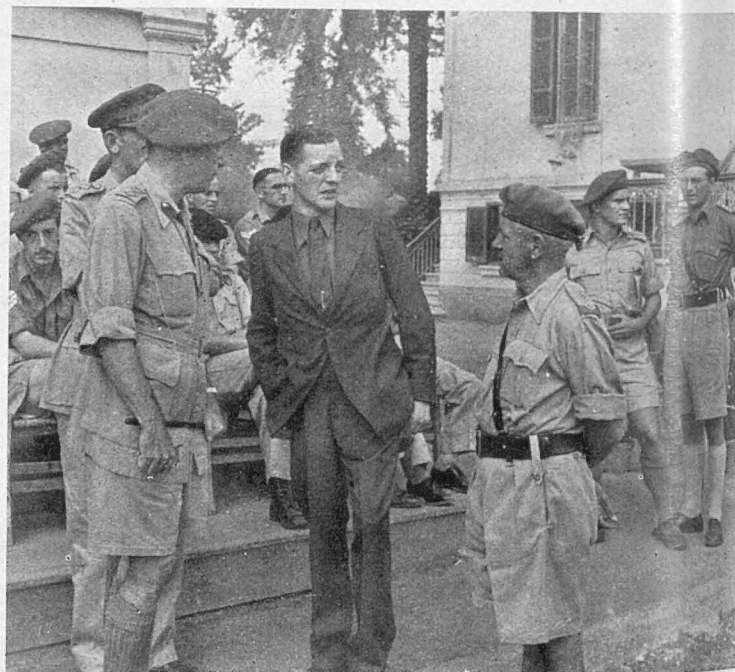
Invisible

IN all that Britain has done in this war there is something which, in my opinion, should be brought out and stressed at every possible moment. This is the remarkable inventiveness of the British people under the stress of war, and their initiative even in the darkest days. The Spitfire was undoubtedly the greatest fighter aeroplane in the world when it won the Battle of Britain. But there have been other and equally important inventions of British science and medicine as well as industrial organization. Radiolocation has been an immense help to all the United Nations. It was the British who were first in the field and made it available. Then we have had penicillin to heal the wounded and help the sick, another British invention. It was British scientists who produced the instruments by which British and American bombers have been able to bomb through the thickest cloud in all weathers. This invention has been called "the magic eye," and magic is the only word which those who know and have to use it can use. Its possibilities are immense. These are but a few instances of the initiative and effort and up-to-dateness of British scientists.



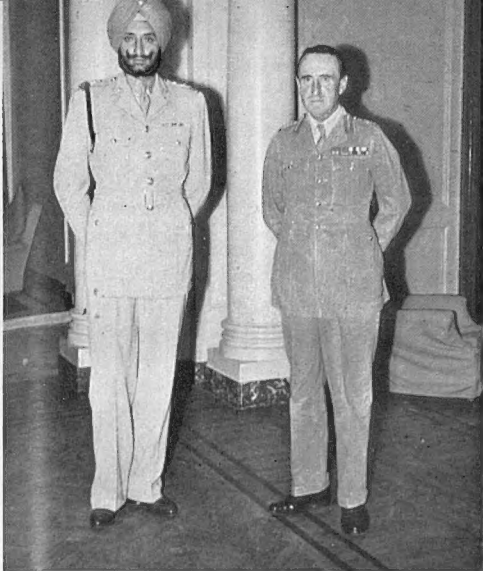
Officers' Club Luncheon Visitors

The Crown Prince of Greece (in white) and the Crown Princess (left) had been lunching at the South African Officers' Club, Cairo, when this photograph was taken. Major-Gen. F. H. Theron (centre), General Officer Administration, Union Defence Force, Middle East, introduced them to many of the officers



At the El Alamein Club

Lord Munster, Under-Secretary of State for India and Burma, while in Cairo recently visited the El Alamein Club, and is seen chatting to Lt. A. L. Stephenson, manager of the Club. Also in the picture are Col. H. C. Todd and Col. Ford, Director of Welfare Services, Middle East



The Maharaja and the C.-in-C.

Lt.-Col. the Maharaja of Patiala has been touring Indian units fighting in the Middle East. He is seen above with General Sir Bernard C. T. Paget, C.-in-C. the Middle East, with whom he had been dining



Looking After Army Health

Lt.-Gen. Sir Alexander Hood, Director-General of Army Medical Services, visited the British Army on the Western Front a short time ago, holding consultations with the leading medical advisers to the 21st Army Group



New Governor Arrives in Malta

The new Governor and C.-in-C. Malta, Lt.-Gen. Sir Edmond Schreiber, was greeted by Vice-Admiral Sir Louis Hamilton when he arrived on the island. Admiral Hamilton took over temporarily at Malta on the departure of Lord Gort

Switch

THE appointment of General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson to the important place on the Combined Chiefs of Staff Board in Washington in place of the late Field Marshal Sir John Dill, and the elevation of Sir Harold Alexander to the rank of Field Marshal are changes which will be welcomed everywhere. Sir Henry Maitland Wilson has proved himself a fine administrative soldier. Although it will be difficult for anybody completely to fill the position Sir John Dill had acquired in Washington by the very qualities of his personality, it is certain that Sir Henry is nevertheless well fitted for the post. Field Marshal Sir Harold Alexander achieves seniority over Field Marshal Montgomery because he freed Rome. He now becomes the Supreme Commander in the Mediterranean area, which is a fitting reward for his campaign in Italy, which is regarded by experts and students as one of the most brilliant of this war. They do not forget how well he organized the retreat in Burma before driving Rommel out of Egypt. It is whispered in the clubs of London that before long Field Marshal Sir Harold Alexander will in all probability be given a new and equally important post, for the Prime Minister has never withheld his view that "Alexander is the greatest soldier produced in this war."

Retirement

MR. CORDELL HULL, as was expected, has seen President Roosevelt through his successful re-election campaign and has now asked to be relieved of the onerous responsibilities of the State Department in Washington. Many will regret his decision. It has been a great partnership between the President and his Foreign Minister. Cordell Hull had all the uprightness and the forcefulness as well as the idealism of a man born humbly who reached high position by virtue of his own efforts. He was invaluable to President Roosevelt because of the immense influence he was able to wield in Congress. The influence was not confined, however, to the lobbies of the Capitol; it extended from coast to coast all over the United States. His firmness allied with his modesty, and the absence of political sensationalism from his career, endeared him to Americans. His successor, Mr. Edward Stettinius, is a man of wealth who has made his mark in big business and is now only forty-four, a little more than half the age of his predecessor. But he has the valuable quality of making friends and of putting people at their ease. He talks simply and quietly, and in these war years has shown the deepest understanding of Britain and her problems. It was Mr. Stettinius who piloted the Lease-Lend administration successfully and most helpfully as far as Britain was concerned. In his new position as Secretary of State he will have to face some years of great difficulty. These difficulties will be common to the Foreign Ministers of all the big powers. But Mr. Stettinius is a man who approaches and tackles difficulties with unruffled calm.

Crisis

MR. MIKOLAJCZYK has had his crisis, and the Polish Government is in process of being reformed with, it is hoped, no change in the Premiership. In British circles M. Mikolajczyk is regarded highly for his ability and his high character. If anybody can make an agreement with Marshal Stalin which will solve the most troublesome of problems afflicting the United Nations at this moment, it is he. But we shall have to wait and see what happens, for the Poles are most ardent and active politicians. The way is not easy, but it is hoped that M. Mikolajczyk will yet be able to form a government which will bring an end to one of the most unfortunate episodes in this war.



A.O.C. the Desert Air Force

Air Vice-Marshal William Forster Dickson, C.B., O.B.E., D.S.O., A.F.C., is A.O.C. the Desert Air Force, which by its smooth partnership with the British Eighth Army has contributed so much to the successes of the Allies in Italy.



Polish Medal for Montgomery

Field Marshal Montgomery, visiting the Polish Division to decorate officers and men who have been fighting with the British from Normandy to Holland, himself received the Polish order, Virtuti Militari, from Major-Gen. Maczek



A Canadian V.C.

Gen. Crerar congratulated Major David Vivian Currie, of the South Alberta Regiment, Canadian Armoured Corps, who with a handful of men closed the Falaise Gap until the Germans in the pocket were destroyed. He received the V.C.

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Laura, Where Art Thou?

By James Agate

KING HARRY THE FIFTH taking up all my time and space last week, besides involving me in controversies and disputes from one end of the country to the other, I had no time to see what my colleagues have described as a remarkable thriller—*Laura* (Empire) to wit—until this week, when I fought my way through battalions of excited females aflame with curiosity provoked by the laudatory criticisms showered by my colleagues on this picture.

WELL, is *Laura* anything out of the common? Yes and no. Yes, because it contains two performances which are certainly not excelled, and possibly not equalled, by anything to be seen in any of the imports from Hollywood at the moment. And no, because the story is a trifle hackneyed, a little unreal and, considering that the thing is a thriller, singularly unthrilling. First of all we are asked to consider: Who Killed Laura Hunt? Laura is a mysterious young thing discovered in a draughtsman's office. She forces herself on a famous journalist called Waldo. He, eating with relish *Spam à la presse*, spurns her innocent advances. The fodder being disposed of, Waldo regrets his *brusquerie*, seeks the young thing out at her office, takes her to dinner, and falls in love. Shortly afterwards we hear that Laura has been murdered in her flat.

SINCE by now every really nice, civilized person in town knows the plot of this film inside-out and upside-down, there is every excuse for us, meaning your film-critic, to meander by the way, and discourse of this, that and the other connected or unconnected with this film in our well-known, divagating,

inconsequent and wholly fascinating way. Well, let us occupy ourselves with Waldo for a moment. The actor's name is Clifton Webb, and he is a find of the first water. He is long and lean—in the thirties perhaps—he has an elegant, drawing, very English voice—he delivers his lines with a perfection of timing seldom heard on either stage or screen in these degenerate days. In a word, he has that art of speaking his part as if every remark were a pearl of wit—which in this case it certainly isn't. When he says to the intruding detective: "Why do you not avail yourself of that triumph of modern science, the door-bell?" it sounds like some purple patch out of Congreve. Waldo—or may I call you Mr. Webb?—I like you, I admire you, and I hope to see you soon again.

BUT to come back to the film. As you know, we are led up the garden. Who killed Laura? No one killed Laura, for the simple reason that she was never killed at all—the jealous murderer intended to kill her but killed instead a lady of diminishing virtue, Baba-la Bilbo or some such name. I will say it was a bit of a shock to find Laura, whom every one was mourning as a deader and a goner, to crop up again as if nothing had happened after a sojourn at what must be the dreariest country retreat ever devised by the Amalgamated Society of Hermits. I thought this re-appearance all wrong from the dramatic point of view, for the reason that, not having known Laura, we couldn't now begin to pretend to take the slightest interest in her, and, in plain English, didn't care a damn whether she was murdered or not. Her

subsequent career and the happy ending which almost completely ruins the film, leave me cold. I had secret hopes that later events might cause Laura to be really murdered, this time for good. But it was not to be.

LAURA is played by Gene Tierney who, to put it mildly, is not an actress of the first class. She has but one expression throughout, something wide-eyed, faintly non-comprehending, like one who has woken up in a strange room and can't locate her surroundings. This becomes a little wearisome after a time. It also defeats its own ends, for we are told that Laura is a clever, wonderfully alert person, whereas all we see is an inanimate piece of well-dressed prettiness displaying as much intelligence and emotion as a boiled haddock.

REMAINS the third principal character in the film, the detective. (You see my difficulty, Lady Flopkins, don't you?) I saw this film long after every synopsis of it had disappeared. I can never remember the name of any film-character, there are no programmes, the names of the cast and players flash past you on the screen quicker than the cows flashed past the window of Ethel Monticue's railway carriage, to be succeeded by a lot of technical tripe about who sound-recorded, and who made up the ladies' faces. This third character, the very slick, rather nonchalant and cynical detective is played extremely well by Dana Andrews. Do I remember Dana Andrews in anything else? I remember enough to know that I have forgotten. But I now draw Dana, together with Clifton, into the Inner Circle and shall be glad to see him in the same sort of part again: which, relying on Hollywood's orthodoxy of casting, I regard as a certainty.

THEN there is a fourth character, played, I believe, by Vincent Price, alleged to be a gigolo endowed with super-gigolosity and with whom, of course, all the women are in love. One of them is my dear Agnes Moorhead playing a rich old girl, and playing her with that agonized good breeding of which she is the unrivalled mistress. Personally, I didn't very much care for this particular gigolo *qua* gigolo. Perhaps fashions change. When I was young these dagos were all dark, oily-haired, slim and slinky. Is it possible that wartime food and the arduousness of the profession tend to produce a metabolic metamorphosis? Make them fat, in plain English? I must ask Dr. Joad about this, as I can find nothing about it in the Encyclopædia Britannica.

NEVERTHELESS, go and see *Laura*: it is no masterpiece, but it passes the time admirably. Did I say, go and see it? I should add if your physical condition will stand the struggle to get in. Given a picture of this sort on one side of the road and Mr. Sinatra at a house on the other side, and I know no woman who would not cheerfully have herself sawn in two.

HERE is the story of *Casanova Brown* (Odeon). I quote the synopsis: Casanova Q. Brown (Gary Cooper), a small-town teacher, is about to be married to Madge Ferris (Anita Louise). The girl's father (Frank Morgan), who has just succeeded in robbing his small nephew's money-box, senses that something is worrying Casanova, and learns that he has just received a letter from a Chicago maternity hospital demanding certain vital information. Casanova finally tells him the story. It appears that while on a trip to New York Casanova met and married in three days Isabel Drury, much to the chagrin of her socially prominent parents (Patricia Collinge and Edmund Breon), and particularly of Mrs. Drury, a lady who believed in horoscopes and hated smoking. When the newly-weds dropped in on the Drurys at their Long Island ancestral home Casanova, to prevent being caught with a lighted cigarette, slipped it into his pocket, and the mansion was destroyed! The Drurys wanted to murder Casanova, but spared him when he consented to an annulment of the marriage. Casanova dashes off to Chicago, and much to his embarrassment and astonishment, is put through searching mental and physical tests. He then learns that Isabel has had a baby, and these tests are necessary because she has offered it for adoption. She is actually using this means of bringing Casanova back to her, but he doesn't respond to the idea, and they part on a sour note.

I really can't be bothered with any more, except to say that the note upon which your film-critic departed was still sourer.



Laura is a thriller now at the Empire. In it a girl believed to be Laura Hunt (Gene Tierney) is murdered. Through his investigations Mark McPherson (Dana Andrews), a police detective, discovers that Laura is still alive and that for some years she has been associated with Waldo Lydecker (Clifton Webb), a well-known critic-columnist, wit and debonair man-about-town. The plot revolves around the sleuthing of Mark and his discoveries which lead finally to the conviction of the murderer and the knowledge of just who was his unfortunate victim

"Henry V" Gala Premiere

The opening performance of *Henry V* at the Carlton Theatre was given in aid of our Airborne Forces and Commandos Benevolent Fund. The entire seating accommodation of the theatre was sold out and it is hoped that a total of £10,000 will be raised. Joint Deputy Chairmen of the premiere are Mrs. F. A. M. Browning and Mrs. Robert Laycock. Viscount Camrose is honorary treasurer



Sir Frank Alexander, the newly-elected Lord Mayor of London, brought his wife, Lady Alexander



Brigadier Thomas Churchill and his wife were among the first-night audience which filled the Carlton to capacity



Chairman of the committee which organized the premiere is Maud Duchess of Wellington. She is seen (centre) with 3rd Officer Jocelyn Hope, W.R.N.S., Colonel Lord Dudley Gordon, D.S.O., Lady Anne Rhys and Captain the Hon. David Rhys



Actor John Mills was photographed in the foyer with his actress-author wife



Mr. David Rose arrived with the Hon. Mrs. Edward Ward and actress Deborah Kerr



Colonel and Mrs. David Niven came together. She was Prunella Rollo and is a niece of the Marquess of Downshire



Lord Brabazon of Tara brought a torch to guide his footsteps home. He was accompanied by Lady Brabazon



In their seats, eagerly awaiting the raising of the curtain, were Mrs. Longmore, G/Capt. J. Greenhalgh and Lady Alexander Metcalfe



Among the early arrivals were Rear-Admiral Denis Boyd, the Fifth Sea Lord, who brought one of his daughters with him

The Theatre

"The Magistrate" (St. Martin's)

By Horace Horsnell

APOLLO's bow was not always bent, nor was Sir Arthur Pinero always on his high horse. The social and domestic imbroglios he so firmly dramatized were not his sole preoccupation. Far from it. He began his long, mounting successful career in the theatre as an actor (did he not once play the King to Irving's Hamlet?) and continued to practise that side of his profession for ten years before blossoming out as a dramatist. His first play was produced in 1877, and the list of his subsequent dramatic works shows remarkable versatility. While quick to seize on topical themes and current fashions, he had wit as well as fertility; and as *The Magistrate* (now being played at the St. Martin's) and other unqualified farces prove, he could be absurdly light-hearted.

He was always a good craftsman who took his work seriously. And because he wrote well, and with an artist's delight in his craft, his work lives; and when it is presented with skill and understanding, it still pleases.



Mrs. Posket (Avice Landone) and her sister, Charlotte (Helen Cherry), express their gratitude to Mr. Bullamy (Derek Birch)

The Magistrate, which dates from 1885, blends what one may term the breeding of the classics with marked individuality. The old farcical conventions—the open asides, purposeful equivocation, and rhetorical flourishes—are faithfully observed; and it is an outstanding virtue of this production that the dramatist's tongue is the only one to be palpably in the cheek. One can therefore relish, not only Pinero's technical skill and literary style, but the period fun, without having the "quaintness" of Victorian manners self-consciously italicized as a *scream*—a benefit not every revival of an old-time masterpiece is allowed to enjoy.

This sixty-year-old farce is undoubtedly a masterpiece in its own genre, and shines the brighter for being treated as such, instead of being guyed to make a snob's holiday by producers with as little conscience as discretion. It is true farce, well written, mannerly, yet uproarious. Plausible, if somewhat pronounced, characters are subjected to highly



Colonel Lukyn (David Bird) receives the condolences of Captain Horace Vale (Bill Shine)

embarrassing ordeals, and scrape through with luck and fortitude. For Nemesis, who in graver fiction would hardly have stayed her hand, cannot administer the *coup de grâce* for laughing; laughter in which we wholeheartedly join.

The eponymous hero, Mr. Posket, the Mulberry Street magistrate, is first-rate farcical caricature that adorns dignity with impudence. His make-up is an alloy of the sterling gold of comedy and the bolder (I won't say baser) metals of farce. While defying the humdrum conventions of realism, it never loses touch with life. And Mr. Denys Blakelock, in a performance that grows in ludicrous beauty as its opportunities ripen, has made the part incontestably his own.

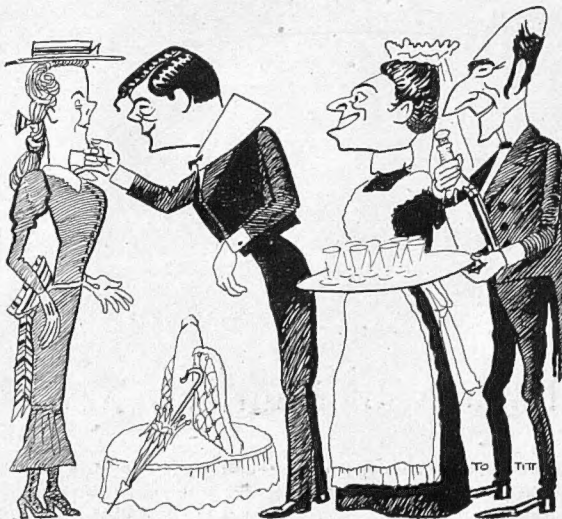
This legal arbiter—crackling, so to speak, in his own starch; professionally censorious of the foibles of common persons, and unctuously assured of his own rectitude—is a grand but



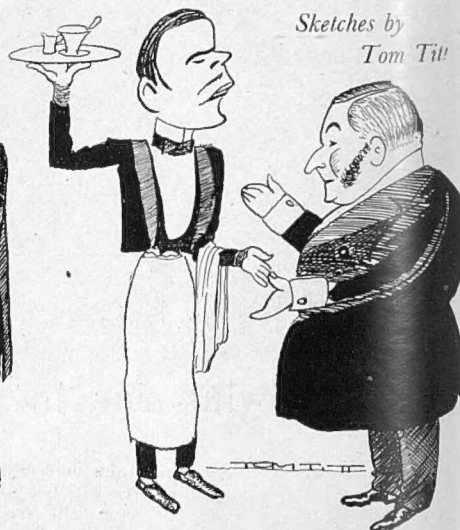
Sergeant Lugg (Newton Blick), the Magistrate Mr. Posket (Denys Blakelock) and the Chief Clerk (Bertram Shuttleworth)

awful example of that pride which goes before a fall. Not so much led astray as bewitched by his ostensibly fourth-form stepson, he plunges into the vortex of early Edwardian night life; is all but lost there; and escapes by one of those miracles which are the prerogative of heroes of farce. His first, and presumably last, experience of the rigours of remorse, intensified by a hangover, is endowed by Mr. Blakelock with heart-rending conviction, and a whimsical artistry that sets the seal on his exquisitely droll performance. He is irresistibly funny.

IN complimenting the company that delightfully supports him, special praise is due to the two Ouidaesque warriors admirably contrasted by Mr. David Bird's bluff Bengal ex-colonel, and the serving Shropshire Fusilier of Mr. Bill Shine; Mr. Paul Bonifas as the impeccable proprietor of the "Hotel des Princes" where clandestine adventure achieves disaster; Mr. Derek Blomfield's Eton-collared and supremely birchable changeling who reinforces inherent precocity with native cheek; and the charming authenticity of Miss Avice Landone, who wears the bloom and the bustle of the period with a chic calculated to stir all true *bon viveurs* in the shades, and make them "Haw-haw!" and "By Jove!" again with the old full-blooded neo-Regency zest.



Beatie, a young lady reduced to teaching music (Dorothy Primrose), and Cis, Mrs. Posket's son by her first marriage (Derek Blomfield), delight the two servants (Malya Nappi and Richard Turner)



At the *Hôtel des Princes* we meet Isidore (Jonathan Field) and Achilles Blond, the proprietor (Paul Bonifas)

Sketches by
Tom Tilt



John Vickers

Nora Swinburne in Daphne du Maurier's New Play

The first original work to be written for the stage by novelist Daphne du Maurier is now touring the provinces prior to London production. *The Years Between* finds its inspiration in the problems which must confront every man and wife separated through long years of war. In it, Clive Brook appears as an M.P. whose dangerous "wartime mission demands that he shall disappear without trace for three years. In his absence, his wife (Nora Swinburne), not knowing whether her husband is alive or dead, takes over his work, stands for Parliament and is elected in her husband's former seat. The play is directed by Irene Hentschel and is expected in London early in the New Year. Nora Swinburne, who is one of the most versatile artists on the British stage to-day, made her last appearances in London in *A Month in the Country* and in *Watch on the Rhine*. In the first, she took over at short notice the part of Valerie Taylor; in the second that of Diana Wynyard, giving in both cases highly individual performances

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

A Royal Visit

It is something comparatively rare for the King of England to interest himself in anything that has to do with the faith of Mohammed, even though there are some 77,500,000 Mohammedans in India alone; and His Majesty's recent visit to the Islamic Centre at Regent's Lodge, Regent's Park, was, therefore, all the more appreciated by British subjects throughout the Empire who are followers of the Prophet. The Cabinet was strongly represented at this all-male occasion, and Mr. L. S. Amery, Secretary for India, Mr. Oliver Stanley, Secretary for the Colonies (overshadowing his diminutive senior colleague), and Mr. Richard Law, whose duties, loosely described under the title "Minister of State," have much to do with the Near East, were among the first to greet the King after he had been received on arrival by the Egyptian Ambassador, as President of the Centre. It was the Ambassador's last official appearance in public, for, only a few days later, he was received in audience by the King on relinquishing his post, in consequence of his marriage to an Englishwoman, as required by Egyptian law.

His Majesty, who wore the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, was attended by his Private Secretary, Sir Alan Lascelles, and by W/Cdr. Peter Townsend. Most striking of the many Eastern figures whom the Ambassador presented to the King as he made his way through the crowded rooms were the tall, khaki-turbaned native officers of the Indian Army who are over here supervising the repatriation camps for Indian prisoners of war on their way home from Italy. His Majesty had a long chat with them, and displayed a lively interest in their work and in the draft plans of the mosque designed by Mr. Langley Taylor, which is to be presented to the Moslem community by the British Government after the war.

Preparations for Pageantry

It is good news that the Crown Equerry—smiling, affable Col. Dermott McMurrugh Kavanagh—has, on His Majesty's orders,

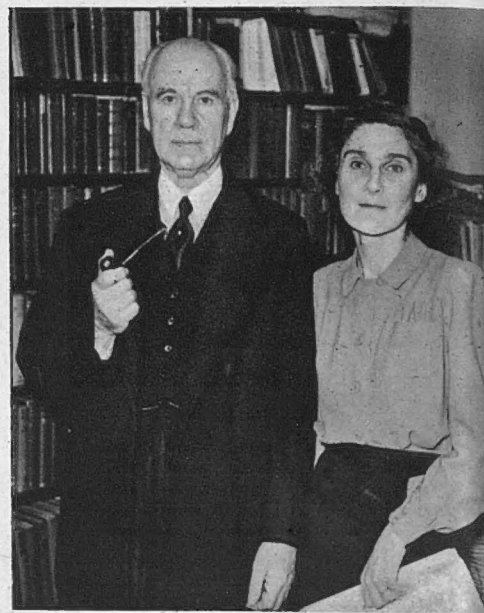
purchased a new string of horses for the Royal Mews, now undergoing training in the busy traffic of London, in preparation for the days (not too distant, we hope) when they will draw the Royal coaches in ceremonial processions once more.

Never, perhaps, again in this motored age will the Royal Mews regain their full glory, as we knew it in the days of George V., when there were no fewer than sixty browns and bays in the green-tiled boxes, and few days passed without a summons for one or other of the great coaches that stood in constant readiness; but to see the King and Queen driving once more in full State to Parliament, riding in the magnificent, but slightly uncomfortable, State Coach—it is 12 ft. high, 24 ft. long, and is reputed to have a motion not unlike a small boat in a high sea—with a Sovereign's Escort of the Life Guards or the Blues, is something to look forward to after the drab five years of unannounced, unglamorous Royal drives to Westminster by car. It is a welcome sign, too, of the King's firm determination not to allow the wartime lack of ceremonial and elegance to extend itself into peace days. Foreign visitors, especially Americans, who have only seen the drab, dull London of wartime, can have no idea of the colour and pageantry of the Royal occasion of peace.

Welcome Home

THERE was an unusually large and distinguished company at the welcome-home luncheon which the Australia Club gave to Lord Gowrie, V.C., the returned Governor-General, and Lady Gowrie, partly, no doubt, because it was in the nature of a double event, since the Duke of Gloucester, who leaves later this month for the Dominion to take Lord Gowrie's place, was host-in-chief, as President of the Club, making his farewell appearance at a public function.

Many former Governors of States of the Commonwealth, and others who have helped to make Australian history, were present. Mr. Stanley Bruce—probably the most popular of



A New Appointment

Sir Edward Grigg, Conservative M.P. for Altrincham, Cheshire, is to succeed the late Lord Moyne as Minister Resident in the Middle East. His wife, seen with him here, was formerly the Hon. Joan Poynder

all the Dominion High Commissioners in London—was at the top table with Mrs. Bruce, as were Lord and Lady Clarendon, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire and Lord Cranborne. Others I saw were Field-Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode and Lady Chetwode, Lady Clive, Admiral Sir Edward Evans (who once commanded the Royal Australian Navy) and Lady Evans, Sir Philip Game, the Commissioner of Police; Lord Denman, Lord Glendyne, Australian-born Lord Huntingfield (ex-acting Governor-General) and Lady Huntingfield, Sir Godfrey and Lady Thomas, and Lord and Lady Trenchard. Brig. Derek Schreiber, and other members of the Duke's staff who will accompany him to Canberra, were also present.

Private View

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN made her first appearance in public since the death of her father, the late Earl of Strathmore, when she went to the private view of the "Lace Sale" in aid of the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross
(Continued on page 298)



Lunching at the Australia Club, London

At the Australia Club luncheon held recently in London, Lady Gowrie, whose husband, Brig.-Gen. Lord Gowrie, V.C., has been Governor-General of Australia since 1936, sat beside the Duke of Gloucester, the Governor-General designate. Lord Gowrie returned to this country last month



Royal Visitors to His Majesty's Theatre

The King and Queen of Yugoslavia attended the matinee for members of the Allied Forces, given by the All-Services Canteen Club at His Majesty's Theatre. With them is Mrs. Anthony Eden, President of the Club, and Mrs. Littlejohn Cook, the Chairman, who organised the matinee

Swache

The Red Cross Lace Sale

Private View Day and Two Royal Visitors



The Queen examined some of the exhibits on this stall with Mrs. Robert Balfour



A beautiful wedding-dress trimmed with Irish lace was admired by the Duchess of Kent. It was worn by Miss Fiona Murphy, and on the left is Mrs. Stocker

● The private view of the Lace Sale at Claridge's was attended by the Queen, who made several purchases at the stalls, including some lace-covered cushions. The Sale, once again organised by Mrs. Henry Stockley, was held in aid of the Red Cross Prisoners of War Fund. The Duchess of Kent was another visitor on the first day



Prospective buyers looking over the "poispourri" sachets were Sophie Lady Hall, Lady Kelly and Lady Hudson



Lady Iliffe, seen here with Mrs. Royds, had some delightful cushions on her stall, of which the Queen bought one



Mrs. Philip Hill was setting out her exhibits, which included coupon-free lace blouses, to their best advantage



Lady Woolton, wife of the Minister of Reconstruction, had a variety of things to offer for sale



Mrs. Jimmy Rank, at whose house many of the things were made, is seen here with Mrs. Henry Stockley, organiser of the Sale

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

and St. John Fund. Her Majesty was wearing a pair of silver-fox furs over her black frock, with a small black felt hat, and had her lovely maple-leaf brooch in her lapel. The Queen was received by Lord Courtauld Thomson, Chairman of the Red Cross Sale Committee, and with him to meet Her Majesty were Marie Marchioness of Willingdon, Sir Philip and Lady Chetwode and Lord Iliffe.

Lady Mary Herbert, the Earl and Countess of Ilchester's elder daughter, was in attendance on the Queen, who made a tour of the stalls accompanied by Lady Willingdon and Mrs. Henry Stockley, who had organised and supervised the making of all the lovely things for sale. All the stallholders and their helpers were presented to Her Majesty as she made her tour, during which she made many purchases.

Among the Stallholders

THE first of the lace stalls she visited was presided over by Mrs. Philip Hill, who is a great worker at the Red Cross jewel sales, which have been such a tremendous success. The Queen was very interested in the lace bridal-dress and veil worn by Miss Fiona



Lawn Tennis Champion Married

The wedding took place last week at the King's Chapel of the Savoy of Major W. H. L. Gordon, M.B.E., M.C., Royal Corps of Signals, and Miss Margot Lumb, Squash Rackets and All-England Lawn Tennis Champion



Harlip

An Engagement

Miss Nina Ruth Scoones, elder daughter of Lt.-Gen. Sir Geoffrey Scoones, K.B.E., C.S.I., D.S.O., M.C., and Lady Scoones, of Ranchi, India, is to marry Lt.-Col. Sidney Harcourt Kent, O.B.E., The King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry



Swaebe

Table for Two

Lt. Viscount Cole and Mrs. Leslie Wood were dining out at the Mirabell when photographed. He is the Earl of Enniskillen's only son, and is in the Irish Guards

Murphy, whose mother was also helping at one of the stalls. Many of the helpers were dressed in their Red Cross uniform, including Lady Hudson, who is a Dame of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, Lady Marks, Mrs. Hill and the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage. Miss Walker was a very picturesque figure in her scarlet dress of Commandant of the Red Cross. Sophie Lady Hall, widow of the late Sir John Hall, who was helping at Lady Hudson's stall, wore a lovely real lace blouse which she had bought at this sale last year. It looked very attractive when she took her coat off in the warm room, and must have inspired many people to buy some of the fascinating lace blouses on sale. The Hon. Enid Paget, one of Lord Queenborough's attractive daughters, was doing a brisk trade at her stall in the middle of the room; so was Lady Hamond-Graeme. Lady Iliffe had the Hon. Mrs. "Micky" Dillon and her pretty daughter-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Langton Iliffe, helping her. Lady Lyell, the young widow of the late Lord Lyell, V.C., was an early buyer at their stall, and carried away a heart-shaped satin and lace pin-cushion. Mrs. Jimmy Rank had some lovely things and was selling them fast; amongst her helpers was Mrs. John Mason, who is still house-hunting and hopes to settle in Norfolk. Amongst others I saw buying were young Lady Vaughan; her

mother, Mrs. Macaulay; Lady Alexander, who was wearing a bright red velvet hat which suited her lovely grey hair; the Hon. Mrs. Dermot Daly, Lord Macgowan's daughter; the Hon. Mrs. Davies, Lord Brougham and Vaux's sister, who said it was one of her rare visits from the country, where she is living with her son and daughter; her husband, Lt.-Col. Thomas Davies, has recently returned from overseas.

Christmas-Tree Profits

S.S.A.F.A. (the Soldiers', Sailors', and Airmen's Families' Association) must have benefited greatly by the "Christmas-tree" held at Rootes showrooms. It opened with a flourish on November 21st, and kept up the pace for ten days with a continual stream of buyers, all anxious to help this good cause. When Lady Margaret Alexander proclaimed the Christmas-tree Fair open on the first day, there was a big gathering to hear her read the message from her husband, Field-Marshal Sir Harold Alexander, saying how much the men out there all appreciated the great efforts of S.S.A.F.A.

(Concluded on page 312)



Young People Dining in Two London Restaurants

At the Bagatelle, Lady Sarah Russell, with Mr. Michael Darley, sat opposite her brother, the Marquess of Blandford. They are the elder son and elder daughter of the Duke of Marlborough



Swaebe

Dr. P. F. Cooper was entertaining Lady Rendlesham at the Mirabell. She is the wife of Lt. Lord Rendlesham, who is serving in the Royal Corps of Signals. He succeeded to the barony last year

"A Song to Remember" World Premiere at the New Gallery



Mr. L. Pouishnoff, the famous Russian pianist, with his wife



Sir George and Lady Ponsonby with Miss Victoria and Miss Maud Ponsonby

● Many distinguished people swelled the audience at the New Gallery, Regent Street, for the first performance of *A Song to Remember*, story of the life of Frederic Chopin. The great musician is played by Cornel Wild, with Merle Oberon in the role of George Sand, the woman of letters who loved him and helped him to develop his talent. Some of those at the premiere are seen on this page



Right: Mlle. Lamberti and the Duchess of Montoro, daughter of the Duke of Alba



Admiral A. F. E. Palliser, Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty, and his wife



Mrs. Davy with Vice-Admiral Sir Algernon Willis, a Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty and Chief of Naval Personnel, and Lady Willis



Mr. John Snagge, the B.B.C. commentator



Mrs. Frank Kalevern and Señor Don Manuel Bianchi, the Chilean Ambassador



Kathleen Countess of Drogheda with the Marquess of Ormonde



Sir Noel Curtis-Bennett and Lady Curtis-Bennett in the foyer

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

A WASHINGTON rumour says Vienna has been suggested as the headquarters of the United Nations' organisation after the war. The boys could hardly choose a more civilised place.

The fact that the Viennese daily rhythm is no longer in 6/8 time and that cabmen no longer sing waltz-songs by Johann Strauss makes little difference. The atmosphere of Vienna even in disaster remains gracious Mozartian, cultured and Latin, and that old-time Viennese *Schlamperei* or the-hell-with-it, which the robot Boche hates so much and which will never die, is the perfect providential corrective to the hustling vulgarity of the coming age. At the same time there is no reason why the United Nations should not work to music. If Strauss could write waltzes to suit the Viennese professional guilds—the *Schwungräder* (Flywheels) and the *Akzelerationen* (Acceleration), composed for the Engineers' Ball, for example, are masterly examples of machinery-inspired music—some successor to Lehar and Fall could easily provide a waltz for every mood the political organisers and swarming bureaucrats of five nations are likely to feel, including admiration, love,

envy, fear, jealousy, hate, passed-to-you-please, foaming madness, and dumb or hog obstruction.

Example

THE *Obstruktionwaltz* would start with a heavy savage pounding rhythm and change suddenly to tripping delicacy as a ravishing little blonde secretary enters with tea. A rush of downward arpeggio would show the big boy hopping briskly from his chair, and a thick, throbbing sensuous theme would follow, punctuated by dainty pizzicato slaps and ultimately merging into a rushing, swaying, intoxicating, deliberately Straussian theme, depicting the big boy telling the tiny blonde Tales from the Vienna Woods. And did the Wosenkavalier weally kiss the Marschallin, Sir George? Oo-oooh! I say! Coo!

Career

WHEN rich women consult us about careers for their younger sons—something bringing in plenty big regular dough without much trouble or any



MAURICE McLOUGHLIN

"I'm conducting a quiz on Social Security—may I put you down as a 'don't know'?"

expensive preliminary training—we always advise them to make the boy a Military Correspondent in Fleet Street. This kind of conversation ensues:

"But he'll have to keep quoting Clausewitz or something tiresome, won't he?"

"Most of the boys make up their own Clausewitz. It's quite easy."

"Doesn't one of them ever give the rest away?"

"No—Trade Union rules."

"I see. But Derek's rather a cad, I'm afraid."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, he sneaks and he doesn't wash much. Nice women simply loathe him, poor lamb."

"He won't meet any nice women."

"Well, that's a comfort. How about his spilling the dirt about Clausewitz one fine day?"

"Nobody in this country reads Clausewitz except an aged ex-waiter from the 'Rag.' He'd be wasting his time."

Later (as happened only last week) the rich woman crossly quotes us a pronouncement by one of the leading boys saying we shall beat the Germans by Christmas if the Germans are thoroughly defeated by then, and snarls: "You said it was money for old rope! Poor darling Derek could never make up a highbrow epigram to save his life! Who do you take him for—La Rochefoucauld?" On receiving a truthful reply the rich woman stamps away in high (and low) dudgeon, and there the matter rests, as the Old Blue said after felling his aged mother with a hockeystick.

Dreamland

PROFESSOR REILLY of Liverpool, a leading architectural authority, having remarked in print recently, apropos the projected new House of Commons, that there is no tradition left in British architecture, it was inevitable to find a citizen crooning to Auntie Times some days later about a new Chamber "worthy of the great tradition of British architecture."

If Auntie had added a testy postscript: "See Reilly, you dope, it would have made the occasion

(Concluded on page 302)



PAT AULD

"Dinner to-night will consist of salt pork, hard tack and slightly brackish water"



Bertram Park

Field-Marshal at Fifty-two : Sir Harold Alexander

General Sir Harold Alexander's recent appointment as a Field-Marshal and to the post of Supreme Allied Commander, Mediterranean Theatre, comes as very welcome news to this great soldier's many friends and admirers. The appointment of Field-Marshal, having effect from June 4th, the date of the capture of Rome, makes him senior to General Montgomery (whose promotion dates from September 1st), and at fifty-two he is the youngest holder of the rank. An Irish Guardsman, Sir Harold Alexander was the last Army Commander to leave the Dunkirk beaches, and in 1942 took command in Burma to conduct the fighting retreat which delayed the Japanese advance, saving India from invasion. Later he was an Army Commander in the Western Desert, Tunisia and Sicily, and in 1943 became Allied C.-in-C. in Italy, where he directed the landings at Salerno and Anzio, leading up to the break-through at Cassino, and the capture of Rome and Florence

Standing By ...

(Continued)

more vital, we thought. Auntie prints in the course of the year more portentous Class III clichés, platitudes, *poncifs*, and drowsy fumble-bumble from what the French call the Big Vegetables than you would think possible. Yet if she took to adding brief footnotes to her correspondence columns, e.g.:

"A typically otiose performance. Should get around more."

"Dull, repetitive, and inchoate."

"A woozy mind. Drink, perhaps?"

"Bores the pants off yours truly. What a muddle-pot!"

—this might induce many resonant and important bores to pull their socks up. They deem Auntie too genteel to spit in their eye. They forget how she once refused to print a letter of the redoubtable Whistler's, and finally passed about a third of it. Few of them know in addition that the only reason Auntie prints their duff at all is that otherwise she'd have to fill up with a sonnet by an admiral or a retired Master in Chancery, in the large type reserved for them. A woundy choice of evils, what? We wish you rotters cared.

Snag

EGGING women on to refuse to describe themselves, in legal and other documents, "otherwise than by their occupation," the Married Women's Association seems to us to be asking for trouble.

Masses of women if they ever spoke the simple truth about their occupation would start endless argument in any law court. For example:

What is your name?—Mamie Lovejoy.

Occupation?—Teasing.

When the judge had got that down he'd undoubtedly have a question or two.

General or specialised teasing, Miss Lovejoy?—Well, I generally tease gentlemen.

What sort of gentlemen?—Oh, business gentlemen mostly. Last week I teased a gentleman in the Guards.

Here counsel for the complainant would spring up and say: "Begyludshp's pardon,

in Ruby Givins and Peekaboo Patent Panties v. Leeds Corporation and Izzy B. Schmaltz, the Royal Statistical Society and Mrs. Bodnick intervening, 'teasing' as the occupation of a feme sole seised and regardant in champerty ouvert is held to be an enfeeoffed tort reversy in fee-simple, and hence barottage." A dreary wrangling would fill the next five hours, after which the judge would probably yawn and say "Well, I don't personally give a damn either way, Mr. Boom, but the eyes of the attractive wanton before us are not without a certain liquid charm, and I should say let it ride." "Asyludship please," rasps Boom, K.C., and bobs down. Five hours at a guinea a minute.

A pure waste of time and money, observe, whereas if the defendant had described her occupation in a simple word of five letters, alleged by Slogger Somerset Maugham to be applied *in petto* by most gentlemen to most ladies, the case might be over in one day; though naturally not if Boom, K.C., could help it.

Rap

ALLERGIC from birth to snow, chamois, eidelweiss, the Alpen-glüh, and ramping Winter Sports girls with huge vexatious knees, who make us bleed at the nose, we wouldn't want to start an undignified brawl with an Alpine authority like Arnold Lunn, whose entrancing new book *Switzerland and the English* takes a light passing crack at this department for a recent remark that Alpinists invariably assume to themselves every moral, spiritual, physical, and decorative virtue. Says Mr. Lunn, after quoting from the *Tatler*:

Wyndham Lewis's attack on the Alpine Club is, in effect, an attack on one of the most sacred conventions of human intercourse, the convention that a man may blow the trumpet of his own group without incurring the charge of self-praise. . . . A subversive onslaught on the whole principle of esprit-de-corps, a principle of the greatest social value.



"You've just won them at darts?"

Since we have a warm esteem for Mr. Lunn, apart from his brilliant and combative typewriter ("le style c'est Lunn même," as Mistinguett said to the Rural Dean), this rap dismisses. Admiring nothing more than the Team Spirit in sport, we never tire of meditating on the finest example of it in history. The conversation between those concerned probably went like this:

"Jolly good run."

"Perfectly marvellous. Broken every Queen's Club record, I should say."

"Stinker was pretty good."

"Everybody was great."

"One doesn't want to boast, old boy, but damn it, what other country on earth," etc., etc.

We needn't tell you vivacious sweethearts to what historic event we refer. The *Gadarene Times* had a leader on it beginning:

"Played, Gadarene porkers!"
How often do eminent sporting chaps quote it?

Birdie

SUDDENLY to find a rare scarlet tanager in your garden and staring at you, as a chap in Bedfordshire did the other day, is an experience, we guess. Official birdwatchers often get hypnosis from the stare of far less gaudy birds. There are two or three island bird-sanctuaries in the Bristol Channel where chaps go expressly to stare at puffins and observe their habits. One of these chaps we know. He has a permanently glassy and dazed expression, and will suddenly stop eating at table and stare fixedly at his wife. In an ornithologist's household this habit of seemingly expecting a woman to fly or lay an egg inspires no comment, any more than the fact that ornithologists who not only watch but stuff birds smell of mothballs, corrosive-sublimate, and arsenical paste. Naturally they aren't asked out much.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"I suppose it'll be some time yet, Miss McCulloch, before you'll allow me to call you by your Christian name?"

The Younger Generation

Left: Miss Rosemary Norrie is the daughter of Lt.-Gen. Sir Willoughby Norrie, K.C.M.G., C.B., D.S.O., M.C., the new Governor of Southern Australia. She has just completed a secretarial training, and is accompanying her father and stepmother, Lady Norrie, to Australia, where she hopes to do war work

Photographs by Harlip



The Hon. Elizabeth Boot

The youngest of the four daughters of Lord and Lady Trent, of Lenton House, Nottingham, the Hon. Elizabeth Boot, is seventeen, and recently left school to take a course in Domestic Economy. She hopes later to join one of the women's Services

Miss Rosemary Norrie



Miss Eleanor Kerans

A niece of Lt.-Gen. Sir Willoughby Norrie, Miss Eleanor Kerans is going with the new Governor and his family to Southern Australia, where, like her cousin, Miss Rosemary Norrie, she intends to work for the war effort. She is the daughter of the late Col. and Mrs. P. Kerans



Miss Myra Wernher

The younger daughter of Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher is nineteen, and a probationer at the Market Harborough District Hospital. Her sister, Georgina, was married in October to Lt.-Col. H. P. Phillips, and Princess Alexandra was one of the bridesmaids at her wedding

Shakespeare

Laurence O
"King Hen



"I arrest three of high treason, by the name of Richard Earl of Cambridge . . ." Henry, ready with his army to sail for France, discovers the traitorous plot hatched by the Earl of Cambridge, Lord Scroop, and Sir Thomas Grey. "You have conspired against our royal person, joined with an enemy proclaimed"

● For his screen presentation of *King Henry V.*, Laurence Olivier has gathered around him some of the greatest artists of our contemporary theatre. Small parts, as well as leading roles, are in the hands of experts, and the result as a whole is a brilliant interpretation of Shakespeare, with all the manifold advantages of breadth and depth and height which can only be achieved on the screen. As Henry, Laurence Olivier is a commanding figure; the well-known speeches of the play come easily and convincingly from his lips, the words frequently as topical to-day as they were three centuries ago. Music for the film has been specially composed by Mr. William Walton and is played by the London Symphony Orchestra under their conductor, Mr. Muir Matheson. Among outstanding performances are those of Robert Newton as Ancient Pistol, Leslie Banks as Chorus, George Robey as Falstaff, and Valentine Dyall as Duke of Burgundy



"He that shall live this day, and see old age will Saint Crispian . . . he'll remember, with advantage Henry, surveying the French forces from afar, finds to die, we are enough to do our country loss; and



"Good my sovereign, take up the English short; and let them know of what a monarchy you are the head" The Dauphin (Max Adrian) persuades his father, the French King (Harcourt Williams), to take up arms against the Britons now weakened by disease.



"It is no time to discourse, so Christ save me, the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes" Captain Macmorris, the Irishman (Niall MacGinnis), is discouraged. He is rallied and tormented by the Scot, Captain Jamie (John Laurie), the Welshman, Captain Fluellen (Esmond Knight), and the Englishman, Captain Gower (Michael Shepley)

in Technicolour

ier's Production of
V" at the Carlton



arly on the vigil feast his friends, and say—to-morrow is
what feats he did that day"
own men outnumbered by five to one. "If we are marked
to live, the fewer men, the greater share of honour. . . ."



"O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts. Possess them not
with fear; take from them now the sense of reckoning . . ."
Henry spends the night before Agincourt among his soldiers.
Disguised in a cloak borrowed from Sir Thomas Erpingham
(Morland Graham) he visits their tents, proving their courage



"The French are bravely
in their battles set"
Led by the Dauphin,
the Duke of Orleans,
Rambures and other
French Lords, the
French make ready to
match their steel against
the British marksmen

Right:
"O Kate, nice customs
curtsy to great kings"
Harry the King woos
Katharine of France
(Renee Asherson); "And,
Kate, when France is
mine, and I am yours,
then yours is France
and you are mine"



"I come to thee for charitable licence, that we may wander o'er this bloody
field to book our dead; to sort our nobles from our common men"
Montjoy, the French herald (Ralph Truman), comes to Henry suing for peace.
The battle of Agincourt has been fought and won, with great losses to the French.
"Give us leave, great king, to view the field in safety, and dispose of their dead bodies"



Chief of the R.A.F. Pathfinders : Air Vice-Marshal D. C. T. Bennett, C.B.E., D.S.O.

The first man to wear the gilt eagle badge of the Pathfinder Force, Air Vice-Marshal D. C. T. Bennett attained his present rank last January, at the age of thirty-three. An Australian, born in Queensland, he is a brilliant navigator and a former Overseas Airways pilot, and in 1938 he set up a long-distance record for seaplanes when he flew the Mercury "pick-a-back" aircraft, the upper component of the Mayo composite aircraft, from Dundee to South Africa. In 1941 Air Vice-Marshal Bennett won the D.S.O. for his courage, initiative and devotion to duty; when shot down over Trondhjem, he managed to elude the Nazis, police and quislings and reach Sweden. He was a founder, as Flying Superintendent, of the Atlantic Ferry organisation, now Ferry Command, and in November 1941 he led the first flight

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Well Played, Sir!

THE newest and the youngest Field-Marshal, to whom congratulations, was one of the two last Harrow wickets in what was called Fowler's Match in the Eton and Harrow series, because the Eton bowler skittled Harrow out when it looked an odds-on certainty for them. Field-Marshal Alexander was also the last man off the beach at Dunkirk (the defeat that won this war), and he pulled a whole army out of the mud in Burma. That which he did in Africa and is doing in Italy, even those who allow class hatred to warp their judgment know very well. General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, who goes to Washington, will add great weight to any deliberations which may there take place. He is an old Etonian, but again very much a round man in a round hole! To him also congratulations.

Old Times

IN the issue on November 6th, 1844, of our August contemporary, who has recently celebrated his 50,000th, there appeared an advertisement of a little brochure entitled *Guide to English Etiquette*, by "An English Lady and Gentleman." This was thoughtfully reproduced in the issue of *The Times* of November 25th, 1944. This little book, it can be noted, contained instructions on behaviour at dinners, public and private, at the hustings, in the Houses of Parliament, and so forth and so on. Might we not beg, in view of how things are going in these days, that our kindly contemporary will arrange for a reprint of this book to be issued at the popular price of, say, 3d.? Behaviour at the hustings, as we know, has improved immensely in the last century, and no one nowadays ever uses overdue tomatoes or the time-expired egg to underline his political opinions; but how about behaviour in, at any rate, one of our Legislative Chambers? As to food, and how to cope with it, I fancy that

I must have lighted upon a (perhaps) bowdlerised version of the brochure advertised in that old *Times*. It had wrinkles about asparagus, oysters, fish and other edibles, which, the author said, presented "problems." "Asparagus," she said, "should only be eaten a stick at a time, grasped firmly between the finger or fingers and thumb." And it was recommended that "it should be eaten at the soft end." I expect it was a sheer, careless omission not to add: "Never put one foot on it and tear at it with the teeth." "Oysters," the lady said, "should be eaten with the fork only"; never a knife, be it marked: the same instruction going for peas. The book also told you how to extract a fish-bone from the mouth "daintily with a fork." And there was much more. I seem to remember that it said you should never invite anyone to "come and dine quietly," the innuendo attaching, of course, being "and not like you came last time." It will, indeed, be a kindly action on the part of our good "Thunderer" if it can see its way to republish this book, even though "Ladies" and "Gentlemen" may be rather outmoded.

Three-Milers

IT will be noted that at all these reborn steeplechase meetings, both north and south, some three-mile events are included, the one at Windsor, on Boxing Day, having the attractive sum of £400 in added money; Cheltenham, on January 6th, is not quite so generous, as the two three-milers are only of £250 each. Windsor is an easy course: Cheltenham not so, and, in addition to the fences, there is that little hill at the finish; nothing of a hill in actual fact, but a mountain to a tiring horse, and perhaps a tiring jockey. We must remember that there has been nothing of this form of amusement since season 1941-42, and that schooling facilities are not very easy to arrange; that there is a shortage of people



M.F.H. at Home

Fox-hunting is now in full swing again, and the Essex Union Hounds met recently at Cranham, near Upminster. The Master, Mr. T. F. Rawley, M.C., of Herongate House, Brentwood, in his study, looks into claims for poultry and fences



Recent Marriage

Here is the first picture of Lt.-Cdr. Sir Melvill Willis Ward, D.S.C., R.N., and Lady Ward since their wedding at Newton Abbot. Lady Ward was formerly Mrs. Glorny, and a well-known racehorse owner



Cheltenham College Rugby Football Centenary

Rugby football has been played at Cheltenham for 100 years. Commemorating the anniversary, Cheltenham beat Rugby School (in white) by 6 points to 3. Here are the teams—front row: H. D. Doherty, E. J. F. Brewer, A. J. B. Florde, R. K. Briggs, W. S. Wardill, J. H. McL. Frazer (captain; Cheltenham), J. M. Williams (captain; Rugby), C. J. Parker, C. G. Bellamy, M. Shingleton-Smith, M. S. Scott, C. G. H. Arnold. Middle row: Mr. D. Ritchie-Williams, G. C. E. Wilson, G. P. Davis, D. A. Passey, D. C. H. Botting, P. B. L. Thorneloe, W. A. P. Wild, P. J. F. Wheeler, A. Fender, R. A. R. Bell, J. F. E. Clarke, L. H. Marshall, Mr. W. G. R. Loughery. Back row: M. H. Pedlow, J. L. Bullard, J. H. C. White, G. M. Wallace-Jones, R. T. Brett, J. G. Cochran, R. J. Mackaness, P. T. Crook, H. G. F. Kennedy

to ride and not much chance of any lessons out hunting; and absolutely no public practice since about March 1942, the last occasion upon which we forgathered for the Gold Cup at Cheltenham. Yet we are told that these three-milers north and south are going to fill well. I think that we must be a really wonderful nation, no matter how much we may try to persuade the outside world that we are not. Just one word of caution to the backer: a tiring jockey is almost more apt to lose your money for you than a tiring horse. A man who is "beat" at once rides about double his weight. This is rather well worth remembering.

In Old Calcutta

ONE of His Majesty's "Jollies" just home from the place we used to call "The City of Palaces," but which has been described quite otherwise by some who have only known her at her very worst, tells me that I, who can claim to be an "old Ditcher" (the Mahratta Ditch is what the appellation means), probably would not know her. From his description of things, I am pretty sure that I should not. Calcutta's chiefest adornment—that vast Maidan, or open heath—is shorn of one of its greatest beauties—that enchanting avenue of centuries-old casuarina-trees leading from half-way from

(Concluded on page 308)



High Lights of Services Rugby: by "The Tout"

C.S.M.I. F. Trott was the full-back for Wales in the match against England at Swansea on November 25th, and has proved himself one of the stalwarts of the Army XV. this season. The Quartet (top, right) played with great distinction for the R.A.F. in their recent historic match against the French Forces in Paris, when they won by 26 points to 6. S/Ldr. J. Parsons played scrum in the same match. Lt. Hayden Tanner has been in brilliant form this season, and there are few finer hookers in the country than genial Gunner W. H. Travers, who comes from Newport (Mon.). C.S.M.I. C. B. Holmes, who plays three-quarter for the Army, is the famous Olympic runner. He hails from Manchester

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

Government House to the race-course; the whole surface of the expanse is wrinkled with things necessary for the prosecution of grim-visaged war; the two golf-clubs are gone; the big race-stands remain, but are "occupied"; the race-course is untouched, but I gather that the polo grounds in the centre of it have been put to other uses. The Bengal and U.S. Clubs are still going; the former, so my "soldier and sailor, too," says, predominated by those whose job it is to seek that bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth, almost to the exclusion of its former denizens, the Scottish Jute Barons. The Tollygunge Club Race-course, where they used to have space for at least a two-mile jump course, is cut down to 7 furlongs. Another great institution, the Calcutta Light Horse, is mechanised as to one squadron, but still horsed as to the remaining two; "The Cavalry Club" (its own) still flourishes, and the warlike and sporting spirit, I understand, is by no means dimmed. A number of the palatial Chowringhee houses of the aforesaid barons, my friend says, are occupied, and a famous newspaper office, also in Chowringhee, is the G.H.Q. of the S.E.A.C. paper. My friend has no use for the heat or the really prodigious rains, and he says, further, that it is the most expensive place in the world, a small whisky-and-soda costing you the equivalent of 6s. 8d., and not very plentiful at that. Food, he says, is bad and scanty; so, apparently, the war has killed off the Indian *moorgi*, or fowl, out of which the Indian cook used to be able to make anything—a beef-steak or a mutton-chop, just according to the desire of Master, who was both the father and the mother of the humble magician. It all sounds most unattractive and quite different, excepting the heat and the rain, from what it used to be in the piping times which so many of us can recall. In only one respect, so far as I can gather, has an improvement been worked: the German Espionage Corps, composed entirely of Amazons recruited from Breslau, Stuttgart, Berlin, Bremen and so forth, has been eliminated, and, of course, its offshoot and information dump, the *Deutsches Verein*, has gone. It used to be famous for the *herring salat*, but for nothing else, for all its members undoubtedly were "agents" either *in esse* or *in posse*, and were very busy docketing information for the use of *Unsere Vaterland* whilst enjoying the confiding hospitality of the unsuspecting Engländer or Schottländer.



Hockey Captains

T. L. Rowan, England's left-half, captained the Hockey Association side against Cambridge, skippered by Kenneth H. Buckley. Rowan, now the Prime Minister's private secretary, was a former Cambridge hockey captain



School Rugby Captains to Play for Their Universities

Anthony Wotherspoon (Loretto and Trinity) captained his school at Rugby football before going to Oxford as a R.N. University cadet, and William H. J. Summerskill skippered Harrow a season back, and is now at Christ Church



John Fairgrieve, who led Haileybury to victory in the 'Public Schools' "Sevens," and now at Caius, and Edward C. A. Bot, former Rugby captain of Harrow, are both expected to play for Cambridge against Oxford. Both men are studying medicine



England Rugby Half-Backs

Lt.-Cdr. R. E. Bibby, D.S.O., R.N., stand-off half, and S/Ldr. J. Parsons, R.A.F., scrum-half for England v. Wales, renewed a partnership begun as school-boys. They were at Rydal together



Here is Lady Margaret Alexander declaring "The Christmas-Tree" open. Since then her husband's promotion to Field-Marshal has been announced



Air Vice-Marshal Sir Norman McEwan, Sir William Rootes and Mrs. Rex Benson, of the British War Relief Society of America, seemed to be enjoying themselves

"The Christmas-Tree," in Aid of the S.S.A.F.A.



Air Vice-Marshal and Mrs. Macfarlane Reid came together to "The Christmas-Tree"

Held Recently at
Rootes Ltd.,
Piccadilly

● The opening ceremony of "The Christmas-Tree," in aid of The Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association, was performed by Lady Margaret Alexander, wife of Field-Marshal Sir Harold Alexander. Many well-known members of the fighting services and their wives were present and made purchases at the fair, which was open for ten days at Rootes Showrooms, Devonshire House



Hilda Duchess of Richmond and Gordon was at the fair with Air Marshal Sir Peter Drummond



Lady Victor Paget was selling at the antique stall, and had as a purchaser Mr. D. E. Bower, well-known art expert



Doris Lady Orr-Lewis was trying to get a big price for this basket of eggs. Her buyers were Mrs. Mark Berry and Mrs. Wynyard Colwell

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

"They Do Not Greatly Care"

THE ENGLISH SPIRIT: ESSAYS IN HISTORY AND LITERATURE," by A. L. ROWSE (Macmillan; 12s. 6d.), offers so many and different approaches of thought and interest that it is difficult, in discussing it, to know where to begin. Let me quote from the essay from which the book takes its name:

It may seem presumptuous on the part of a Cornishman to write about the English spirit, to attempt to define the indefinable, to sprinkle salt on the tail of a subject so elusive, so hard to catch—a spirit of which the essence is perhaps a quality of feeling, at heart a dream. Yet there may be some advantage too: there are things that a Cornishman can say, and even see, which an Englishman perhaps could not. For one characteristic of the English is their very unselfconsciousness: they do not know what they are like—a charming trait. And one that is even more so is that they do not greatly care. We others are convinced that there is no people (except possibly the Germans) who entertain more illusions about themselves. The English think of themselves as a dull, plodding, humdrum, hard-working sort of people. They are, in fact, nothing of the kind. So far from being hard-working, they are lazy, constitutionally indolent. They are always being caught lagging behind, unprepared—again and again in their history it has been the same; and then, when up against it—and not until they are up against it—they more than make up for lost time by their resourcefulness, their inventiveness, their ability to extemporise, their self-reliance. For they are by no means a dull, humdrum people: they are a most imaginative and creative people. With the possible exception of the French, the most brilliant of modern nations.

Yes, probably England's immediate neighbours, often her guests, "we others," semi-aliens, the Cornish, the Welsh, the Irish, have delved most deeply into her character. The Scots, for some reason, never seem so much interested. It is true that the English are fascinating for reasons of which they have no idea. If they are unique in their ignorance of themselves, they are also, at times, infuriating—how often has not the Celt been dumbfounded, confounded, by that strange, virgin stare? I felt, from time to time, reading Mr. Rowse's essays, that they have had in one sense the history of pearls: that they are original irritations insulated, coated, worked upon, sublimated into things of beauty. Love and hatred have much in common: one cannot travel to the extreme of one unless one has at least envisaged the extreme of the other. I do not say Mr. Rowse has invested the English spirit with anything that is not its own. But the English themselves may be startled, and left at sea, by something that is a quality of his vision. That he praises

them they cannot but be aware; but they may be disconcerted by the transparent white heat of his praise. To be praised, I believe, strikes terror into the Englishman's breast. "Well," I can hear him mumble, with lowered eyes, "I'm sure it's awfully nice of you to say so."

History, Literature

MR. ROWSE's writing has the first and eminent value of being that at once of an historian and a poet. His stern, immutable sense and knowledge of history gives base to his judgment of everything. His reviews—for many of the essays here are reviews—are thus without the caprice that makes modern reviewing dangerous: he has the underlying authority of the specialist without, like some other specialists, suffering from a dried-up fancy. He can illuminate facts without distorting them. I do not mean that he is a "difficult" writer (he is, in fact, most pleasingly the reverse) when I say that he takes intellect for granted. Does he, I wonder, realise how slack-minded many of us are; how much we care for illumination—we find even cheap "lighting" better than nothing—how little we care for historic fact; indeed so little that we are indifferent to its distortion? When Mr. Rowse makes history—or, rather, a scene from history—vivid for us by presenting it, like an artist, to our imaginations, we can trust him. The whole of an age, for instance, is present, and



Yvonne Gregory

Architect Daughter of Mayfair Photographer

Mrs. June Bosanquet, the twenty-four-year-old architect daughter of Mr. Bertram Park, has won the third prize of £50 in a competition promoted by the Timber Development Association for the design of a pair of semi-detached wooden houses. Mrs. Bosanquet helped in the construction of the two original steel houses exhibited at Northolt

is present in his mind, behind his picture of "Elizabeth at Rycote." But this pictorial, almost lyrical method, which he can command but on which he does not depend, is often—

and, where we are concerned, dangerously—employed by lesser, and less trustworthy, men. We should not be encouraged to muse until we have learned to think. Too much of what passes now for historical writing is little more than a Hollywood in print; we are led to weave patches of history into our personal day-dream, when we should do better to read our history straight. I should doubt whether Mr. Rowse is aware of the existence of the insidious type of book that I have in mind, of these efforts to slip history painlessly down our throats like a cat's pill inside a pat of butter. Nothing can make the actual stuff of history, I should imagine, other than stark and dire; and to "take" history needs an effort of will, nerves, brain.

Mr. Rowse, knowing all the rest that there is, can afford, in these essays, to deal with history at its high moments. He mainly turns for his portraits to those magnificos that, from century to century, have flowered upon the English tree. He studies the English genius, in creation, in action—that genius whose essence is its contrarities. He has not only given us the magnificos, not only Queen Elizabeth and the Elizabethans, the passionate, the active and the astute: we have, equally, in *The English Spirit*, studies of that spirit on its withdrawn, unworldly, reflective and

(Concluded on page 312)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

FOLLOWING are a few impressions of Then and Now: By Richard King

Continuing my neglected education by reading famous eighteenth-century fiction, I have come to the conclusion that the modern belief that the life of our remote ancestors was one long, drab monotony is merely a bit of modern civilisation's ballyhoo. So far as I can gather from these classic works, existence in the eighteenth century had its own "V2's," though without so many casualties or so much damage. True, the quiet, unoffending citizen was not so liable to be blown to pieces, but, what with dangerous villains lurking in dark corners at every deserted spot, a mere casual visit to Aunt Eliza in the country might easily end up by finding oneself stark naked—or possibly dead!

True, in those far-off years there were no heated arguments over Town and Country Planning, Social Insurance or What on Earth to do with a vanquished foe? On the other hand, one misplaced bit of backchat might easily end in a duel to the death; equally, one casual remark derogatory to Revealed Religion as easily ruin a life. As for Honour—it was so sensitive that it stood ready for blood-spilling with, or even without, provocation. And, moreover, what could be more exciting than to discover the gardener's boy to have been stolen by gypsies as a child, and so, in reality, the eldest scion of A County Family? Or what more thrilling than to solve Mary's career by hunting a husband for her; certain in the knowledge that True Love would always coincide with the Richest Kill?

Nowadays, alas!—apart from two World Wars, which, in parenthesis, any generation, other than yours and

mine, could have had for the asking—a huge sensation is caused merely by somebody rushing in with the news that, believe it or not, the Fishmonger has got FISH!

Moreover, women, contrary to modern belief, needed not in the eighteenth century to pass one dull moment. Except when quite alone—for then it would be useless—they could always draw attention to themselves by dramatically swooning. Their Innocence, too, was as highly sensitive as a Man's Honour. The only mystery being, in this regard, that so closely were the Facts of Life kept from them, that it is perplexing to discover how they could, nevertheless, scent seduction long before it had got properly started. The eighteenth century may not have had its bottle parties, nor its cocktail bar, nor that sinking feeling created by a crooner, but, on the other hand, even a near-beauty, who happened to be stranded at a country inn, ran the risk of being seized by a distinguished stranger, with his associates, and immediately forced to defend her honour before she could so little as cry: "Fie, Fie! upon you!—Sir Percival!"

The date when British Spleen first arose, I simply can't imagine. Nor how, as a Nation, we have earned our phlegmatic reputation. So long ago as 1740 almost any woman had to listen to this sort of thing. "O Fairest Creature! Goddess of my Heart! My life! My very soul! Wouldst thou but deign to give me possession of Thy Charms, the Flowers of Heaven would for ever blossom in My Heart!" That modern equivalent: "Well, Baby! . . . WHAT ABOUT IT?" sounds poor indeed beside it to me.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Jones — Sloggett

Lt.-Cdr. Desmond Vincent Jones, D.S.C., R.N., son of Sir Vincent and Lady Jones, of Ripe Manor, near Lewes, and Grand Falls, Newfoundland, married Miss Jacqueline Sloggett, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. A. J. H. Sloggett, of Tremabyn, Paignton, Devon, at Cockington Church



Grant — Foster

Major George Frederick B. Grant, Middlesex Yeomanry, only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Grant, of Melton Grange, Woodbridge, Suffolk, and Miss Rachel Isabel Foster, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Foster, of Stockfield Park, Wetherby, Yorkshire, were married at St. Saviour's, Walton Street



Dixon — Duncum

Right: Major Edward W. Dixon, M.C., 4th/6th Rajputana Rifles, son of Sir Francis Dixon, C.B., and Lady Dixon, of Woodside Avenue, Highgate, and Miss Nina Peggy Duncum, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Duncum, of 14, Hocroft Road, N.W., were married at St. George's, Hanover Square



Simonds — Llewelyn Jones

Lt.-Col. A. C. Simonds, O.B.E., The Royal Berkshire Regiment, and Miss Eirwen Helen Llewelyn Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Llewelyn Jones, were married at the English Church, Nicosia, Cyprus, recently



Hawkesworth — Millington-Drake

Paymaster Rear-Admiral R. Hawkesworth, R.N., and Miss Jean Ellen (Nellie) Millington-Drake were married recently in London. The bride is the eldest daughter of Sir Eugen and Lady Effie Millington-Drake



Lucas — Ross

Lt.-Cdr. John William Lucas, R.N., only son of R. B. Lucas and Mrs. Lucas, of Shillington Manor, Hitchin, Herts., married Miss Jacobene Catherine Ross, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Launcelot H. Ross, of 34, Queen's Gate, Dowanhill, Glasgow, at Westbourne Church, Glasgow

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 298)

On the platform with Lady Margaret were Hilda Duchess of Richmond and Gordon, Vice-Chairman of S.S.A.F.A., who, with Air Vice-Marshal Sir Norman MacEwen, the Chairman, and Lt.-Col. Edgar Brassey, Chairman of the Appeals Committee, received the guests, and Lady MacEwen, Sir William Rootes and Mr. R. C. Rootes. The Earl and Countess of Lucan were there to hear their daughter make her excellent speech, but they kept well in the background, as Lady Lucan said, "Margaret was rather nervous, and we thought it would make her feel more nervous to see some of the family listening to her."

At the Opening

SIR JAMES GRIGG was there with Lady Grigg; Lady Adam, wife of Sir Ronald Adam, came alone, as did Lady Cunningham and Lady Portal; Air-Marshal Sir Peter and Lady Drummond came together; so did Air Vice-Marshal and Mrs. Macfarlane Reid. Others there were Lady Mitchell; Sir Neville and Lady Bland; Sir Charles Doughty; Major-General Sir Guy and Lady Riley; Lieut.-Col. and Lady Aline Vivian; Capt. Seary-Mercer and Mrs. Seary-Mercer, who is in charge of the S.S.A.F.A. clothing centre; Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew; Lady Rollo; Col. and Mrs. Hankey; Doris Lady Orr-Lewis, who had a stall; Lady Gough; Lady Bridport; Marie Marchioness of Willingdon; Mrs. James Corrigan; and Kathleen Countess of Drogheda.

Two Royal Matinees

TWO Royal charity matinees in one afternoon are an event, and each graced by one of heroic Greece's loveliest Princesses. The Duchess of Kent arrived punctually at the Saville Theatre for Mr. Jack Waller's



Five Programme-Sellers

At the gala performance of "Henry V," in aid of the Airborne Forces and Commandos' Benevolent Fund, Mrs. Howard Wyndham was in charge of the programme-sellers. Her helpers were Mrs. P. Durrant, Miss Joan Mason, Miss Winifred Rodder and Mrs. Bushman.

gala performance of *Three's a Family*, which raised over £1000 for a cot for Queen Charlotte's Hospital, and was welcomed by Lady Howard de Walden and her Committee at the side door.

At His Majesty's, in the Haymarket, a crowd gathered in the foyer for the All-Services matinee organised by Mrs. Littlejohn Cook, who, with Mrs. Eden, received the guests. Queen Alexandra came with her young husband, King Peter of Yugoslavia. King Peter, in naval uniform, stood talking to Mrs. Littlejohn Cook and to General Sir Charles Loyd, the G.O.C.-in-C., who towered above everyone, and Mrs. Eden.

Mrs. Eden had flown over from Paris specially for the performance. She was wearing her new grey-and-red A.E.F. uniform, which is better known in Paris than London. She told me she was returning at once to the Grand Hotel in the Place de l'Opéra, which is now the G.H.Q. for the Allied Services Canteen Club for men of the A.E.F. on leave.

In the Audience

THE Corps Diplomatique was well represented in the theatre. Over 400 wounded British and Americans came from the hospitals in company with a party of repatriated prisoners of war. In all, there were some 1200 wounded and serving soldiers in the audience.

After Capt. Ian Grant's speech in the interval, the spotlight found Mr. Eden sitting with his wife and Mrs. Littlejohn Cook. He had arrived rather late. In response to cries of "speech," he said the display of diplomatic and other talent in the audience frightened him, but he would like them all to give Mrs. Littlejohn Cook a big hand for putting up such an excellent show, and this in spite of the fact that she was there against doctor's orders.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 310)

elegiac side: George Herbert, Kilvert, Dorothy Wordsworth. We have the psychology of the English martyr, as exemplified by Sir Thomas More; we have the tested consciences of Pym and Hampden, and, on the King's side, Falkland.

The Use of History

MR. ROWSE as an historian on the subject of history and of historians is, to my mind, most fascinating of all. The work of many of his contemporaries has rightly come to him for review; and we have the results here, grouped under the title "The Use of History"—which title, so excellently directive, might indeed be extended to cover the greater part of his book. He has reviewed no book that is not serious, and he justifies his own high view of the reviewer's function, "Reviews," he says, "are the sermons of our age." His studies of Clarendon, Froude, Carlyle, Macaulay suffer only from being tantalisingly short, "The Rhythm of English History" and "The Historical Tradition of British Policy" are second and third in place and interest to his "Mr. Churchill and English History."

The range of the essays through English history is wide. What might naively be called Mr. Rowse's "favourite" periods are the Elizabethan and Caroline. I enjoyed his charming, almost Beerbohm-like essay on that one dim Elizabethan, Sir Henry Lee, with its promising start: "There is little enough in Sir Henry Lee's life to excite, or perhaps even to interest." Sir Henry was always about when anything happened, but nothing particular ever happened to him.

Difficult Course

G WETHALYN GRAHAM's *Earth and High Heaven* (Cape; 9s.) is an interesting and extremely readable novel. The scene is Montreal, and the subject the social persecution (or, at least, ostracism amounting to persecution), in and around Montreal, of the Jews. I wonder how Montreal society will take this, in its way, quite serious charge. It is true that the humiliations to which Marc Reiser, the brilliant and very presentable young Jewish lawyer, is exposed are seen through the eyes of the woman in love with him—Erica Drake, the daughter of an old, exclusive Anglo-Canadian Montreal family. I specify Anglo-Canadian because Montreal, as shown here, has yet another rift in its social lute: the lack of love and consequent friction between the Anglo- and French-Canadians. In the Drake family's case, there has been a marriage between Erica's brother (who, when the story opens, is away with the Canadian Army in England) and a French-Canadian girl, Madeleine. Madeleine's brother, René, admires Erica. If the Drake parents were not, at one time, enthusiastic about René as a possible son-in-law, he becomes, by comparison, ideal once Marc Reiser appears.

Anti-Jewish prejudice is, Miss Graham suggests, less strong among French-Canadians; and it is René who brings Marc Reiser to the cocktail-party at the Drakes' Westmount house—to be ignored by the other guests and, still worse, before the end of the evening cut point-blank by Erica's father. The cocktail-party, which takes place in the first chapter, has been used by Miss Graham—as a means of setting her scene and introducing her principal characters in what one might call characteristic attitude—with an expertise which I do truly admire. The pleasant, sunset-lit room, with its lovely view, is riddled with undercurrents.

Erica should have been free to choose her friends; and had, until this conflict with prejudice, in fact been doing so for some time. She has run the accepted course as a débutante; and, at twenty-one, only failed to make an extremely suitable marriage through the death of her fiancé in an accident. She now, at twenty-eight, while still living at home, has become a successful journalist: editress of the woman's page of a leading Montreal newspaper. Efficiency has, in René's critical Gallic eyes, threatened, but not yet ruined, her femininity.

No novel showing how unsmoothly, for whatever reasons, the course of true love runs can be wholly unlike other novels doing the same: the dialogue between Marc and Erica, their grumbling ups and downs, only do not pall because they are so well done. The real core of the interest of *Earth and High Heaven* is the relationship between Erica and her father: in this Miss Graham skirts, with expected skill, psycho-analytical deep waters. Charles Drake, of whom I should have liked to have more, is decidedly the character of the novel. Charles's snub to Marc immediately followed (which is important) his daughter's revelation of interest in the young Jew. Up to now, as the watchful Charles was aware, Erica had been unable to fall in love. Anti-Semitism made a convenient mask: it was not to the Jew but the suitor that Mr. Drake objected.

For Children

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON send some enticing picture-books into the Christmas shops. *The Helen Haywood Colour Book* (5s.) hits a mark somewhere between Beatrix Potter and Walt Disney, though it cannot fail, I fear, to suffer a little by comparison with these two great masters. I was more, in fact, entirely charmed by *The Little Pigs Who Sailed Away*, written and illustrated by Dorothy Burroughes. Father, Mother, McTod, Bill, Hamish, the Twins and Dawn—tall, slender, quite highbrow-looking, with tapering profiles and perpetually deprecating expressions—are truly pigs of distinction, whose voyage and island adventures induce heart-beats. Here—counting in the Elephant, the Dragon and Baby Dragon—we have characters of the kind one does not forget.

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Our customers need not look back to those days with hopeless longing; they may look forward cheerfully to their return. Meanwhile, we still have good clothes and shirts and underwear for men, and the welcome we give customers has never been rationed.

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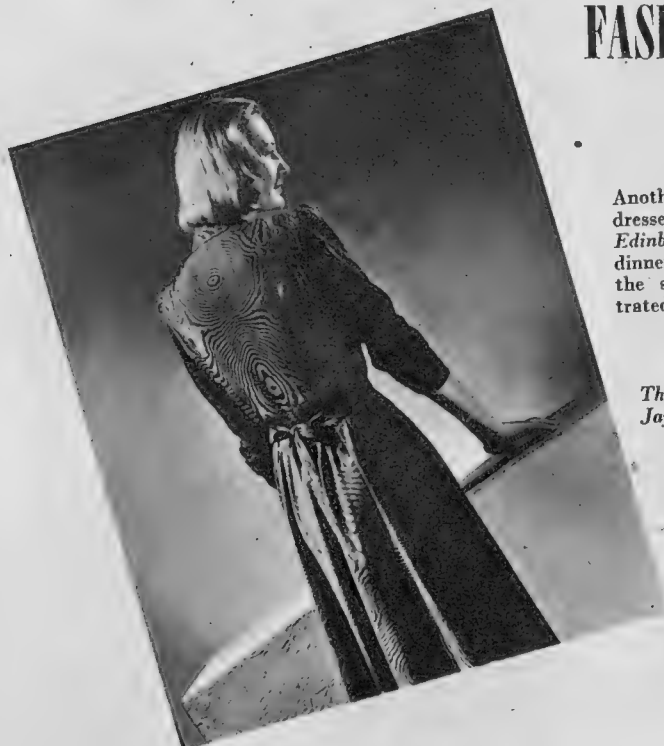
In *A Lady from Edinburgh*, a play by Aimee Stuart and Arthur Rose, which opens at the Marigny Theatre in the Champs-Élysées this week, Barbara White wears this natural Shetland tweed suit trimmed with black. The blouse which goes with the suit is red, natural and black printed wool



In *The Golden Fleece*, by J. B. Priestley, which is going to Paris after a provincial tour in this country, Patricia Jessell wears the bright red wool tailored dress and fitted cardigan jacket in which she is photographed above. A red, bright blue, white and navy plaid taffeta scarf is worn at the throat

FIRST BRITISH THEATRE

FASHIONS IN PARIS



Another of Barbara White's dresses in *A Lady from Edinburgh* is this "little" dinner-dress of blue moire, the skirt interest concentrated in the back fullness

These clothes all made by Jay's. Designed by H. W. Luker

Dulcie Gray plays one of the leading parts in *A Lady from Edinburgh*. The dinner-dress in which she is photographed on the right is made of a wonderfully lustrous emerald and white brocade



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TREE STANDS FOR A HOPE FULFILLED.
WOMAN HAS PLAYED A GALLANT PART: SHE
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Stories from Everywhere

THE maid knocked at the bedroom door of her dozing mistress.

"The master's locked up for the night, ma'am," she said.

"Thank you, Jane. He must have been very quiet; I didn't even hear him come in."

"Oh, he hasn't come in, ma'am. The police have just telephoned."

THE mayor of a certain town, out for a ride on his bicycle, found himself a long way from home and in need of water for his acetylene lamp. He rode on in momentary dread of the village constable, till at last he saw a man standing at the door of his cottage.

"I say, would you be kind enough to give me some water for my lamp?" he asked.

"Water?" repeated the man. "I s'pose you mean oil?"

"No, I don't. I want water."

The man looked searchingly at the cyclist.

"Take my advice and get along 'ome," he said.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, and you the mayor, too!"

THREE old countrymen were sitting together in the saloon bar of the village pub, each with a pint glass in front of him.

Presently one said, breaking a long silence: "Tell me, Fred, how did thee spuds turn out?"

"All right," was the answer. Silence for some ten minutes or so. Then Fred spoke up: "How did thee spuds turn out, Bill?"

"Better than yours," was the reply. Again a long silence to be broken by Bill addressing the third old man. "And how did thee spuds turn out, Tom?"

Tom didn't answer at once, and then said reluctantly: "Now look thee here, thee bain't drawing I into any of thee old arguments."

THE minister was leaving the church after the evening service when a member of his congregation stopped him and said: "I like to come to church when you are preaching."

The minister was naturally pleased. "I'm glad to hear that," he replied. "It's nice to know that somebody appreciates my sermons."

"Oh, it's not that," replied the woman. "I mean, it's so easy to get a seat, even when I arrive late."

THE small son of the house was doing his prep, and his parents were sitting by the fire.

"What's a fiancée, dad?" asked the youngster presently.

"A young lady who is engaged to be married," replied his father.

"And what is a fiasco?" asked the boy next.

"Oh, that's the fellow who's going to marry her," came the reply with a grunt.

"YES," said the old man, "I be 96 tomorrow and I haven't an enemy in the world."

"A beautiful thought," answered the new vicar.

"Yes, sir," said the old man, "I've outlived them all."



Alexander Bender

Edna Wood is one of the lovely young stars in the very successful revue "Sweetest and Lower" presented by Mr. J. W. Pemberton at the Ambassadors Theatre. The show is now in its second edition, having played to capacity for well over a year. It recently broke the long run record for revue held for the last twenty-five years by "Buzz Buzz" in which Nelson Keys and Gertrude were stars just after the last war

A LECTURER in America was telling his experiences:—

"You know," he said, "I once tried out the notion that it helps a speaker to pick out one person in an audience to whom to address his remarks. In the second row I spotted a most gorgeously furred-up woman. I thought: That's my audience. Look at those furs!"

"Through the whole talk I never let my eyes off her. She didn't budge an inch and I felt pretty set up. If a woman like that had remained as intent as she had, all my points had gone over."

"After the talk, a friend of mine said: 'We thought your talk was splendid, but why did you keep staring so at the second row?' When I explained how I'd picked my woman, my friend nearly collapsed. I suffer from near-sightedness, and the person I'd picked out was the chair on which half the women in the hall had piled up their coats."

THE proud father of triplets called up the local paper to report the event.

The man at the other end, not quite hearing what he said, asked: "Will you repeat that?"

At which the proud father snapped back: "Not if I can help it."



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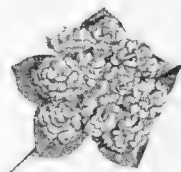
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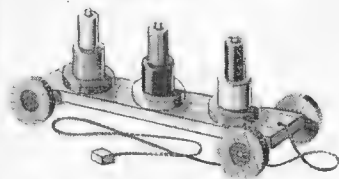
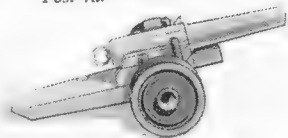
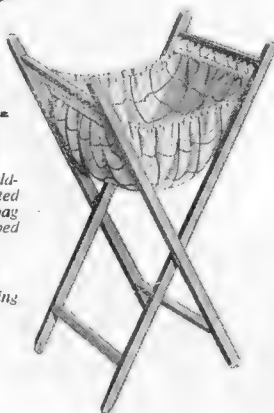
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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

I Told You So

THE time has come for a little auto-back-patting and that solely for the reason that when critics are wrong they deserve to be told so. When I pointed to the value of dive bombing I received a great deal of adverse criticism, official and unofficial. When I urged that more attention be paid to small, high-speed bombers I again received a great deal of criticism. As usual the anonymous criticism was the most abusive and also the most revealing. It showed the disordered condition of the minds of those who made it. Anyway, I do now feel that I have the right to reply and to ask my critics to be as vocal in retraction as they were in abuse. For dive bombing has been in use by the Allies for many months. Since D-Day it has been one of the most important of the striking techniques. It was used the other day on a V2 launching site. It has been used on many kinds of small targets, difficult to hit by any other means.

Silence

ALTHOUGH the official communiqués have been as reticent about it as they can (for does not the admission that we are dive bombing show that the estimate made of it by senior officers earlier in the war was wrong?) they have been unable to avoid mentioning it. Yet the critics who condemned my writings so loudly when I was urging that we should use dive bombing, who were saying that we knew of better methods and that dive bombing was the downfall of the Luftwaffe, are singularly silent. They do not seem to think that their responsibility towards the public extends to the correction of error.

It is rather the same with the small high-speed bomber. I urged it again and again as being the only weapon that would hit the Germans in Germany effectively without high losses. The Mosquito has proved the point so vividly that the opposite view (that what is really wanted is an immense machine with many gun positions) is no longer heard. But my critics do not retract.

The Americans have been allowed to make the same mistake. Their B-29 is about the most costly method of hitting the enemy, in man-hours of labour and operational and maintenance work, that there is. The flying-bomb is better; the small high-speed bomber is better.

Big Bombs

BUT I do not want to be misunderstood. There is a field for the very large machine. It can do things which no other machine can do and they are important things. The only point I have ever made is that the proportion of effort should be readjusted so that a larger part goes to the small, ultra-high-speed machine of the Mosquito type and to the self-propelled missile of the flying-bomb type. I have not advocated a cessation of work on large bombers. One of the things they have proved that they can do well is dam-busting. Another is the sinking of battleships. I doubt if any small, high-speed bombers of the period could have breached the Mohne and Eder dams or have sunk the Tirpitz. These feats were mainly the result of work done by Mr. B. N. Wallis. He did a great deal more than devise the bomb or other missiles. He virtually planned the entire operations. In short, he played simultaneously the parts of scientific research worker, engineer and designer, tactical planner and strategical controller. He was at once an engineer and a senior Royal Air Force officer. I hope that one day the full facts about his work will come out.

The special point I want to make now is that large bombers were needed for the special tasks in which he was interested. So do not let it be thought that I advocate or have ever advocated "abolishing" the big bomber. I have merely advocated that a larger part of the ordinary bombing effort be done by smaller, higher-speed machines.

Bombs and Colleges

BOMBS and bombing again came to my mind when I read the sharp criticism of the proposed College of Aeronautics which was contained in a letter to *The Times* on November 23 from Mr. H. E. Wimperis. Mr. Wimperis developed one of the best early bomb sights. He did some most interesting experiments in those early days when he was on this work. I recall a memorandum issued by the Aeronautical Research Committee describing the experiments of dropping various kinds of bombs down a disused mine shaft at Rossington Colliery. These experiments were done in about 1915 or 1916, I think, and they enabled the terminal velocity of various bombs to be measured with good accuracy. The bombs dropped into a sump of water about 15 feet deep at the bottom and they fell through a wire grid. The breaking of the grid recorded the exact moment of striking and there were electrical connections with the timing apparatus which, when appropriate calculations had been made, gave the whole picture of the bomb's fall.

Probably, when the facts become known, we shall hear of many interesting German experiments with V2. They must have done a great deal of work on this, though it is obviously still in an undeveloped state. A thing on which I still want to see a clear comparison made by some student of the two forms, is the relative values for various conditions of rocket and of jet drive. The Germans now seem to have aircraft working with both forms of drive and I would like to know exactly how they compare.



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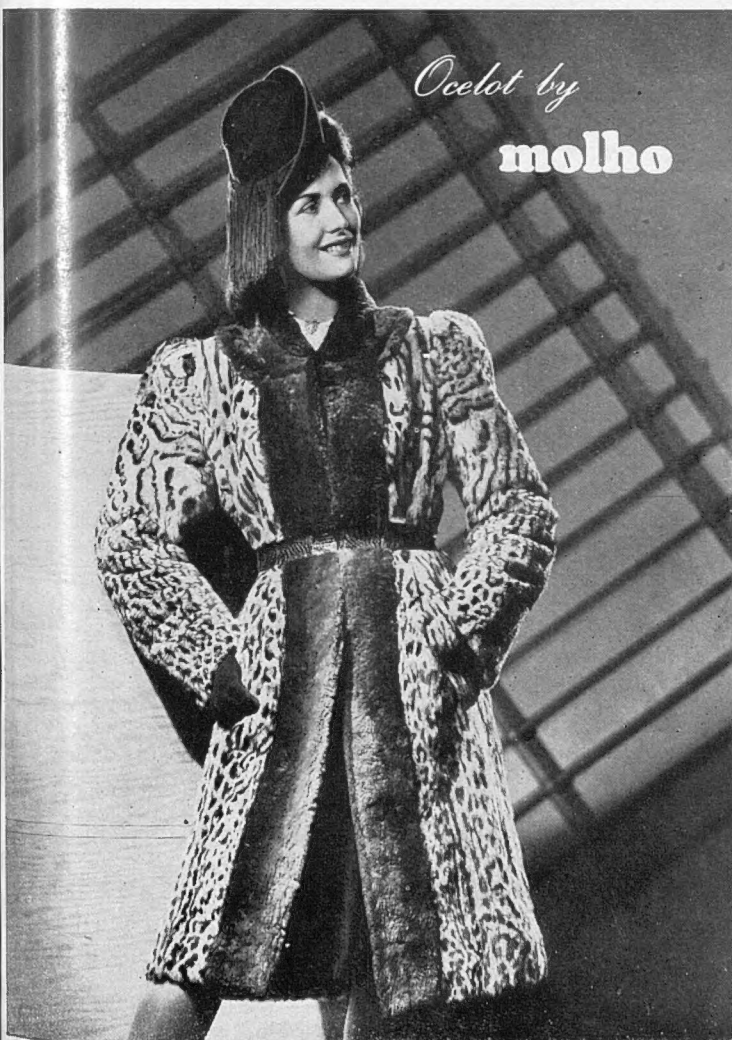
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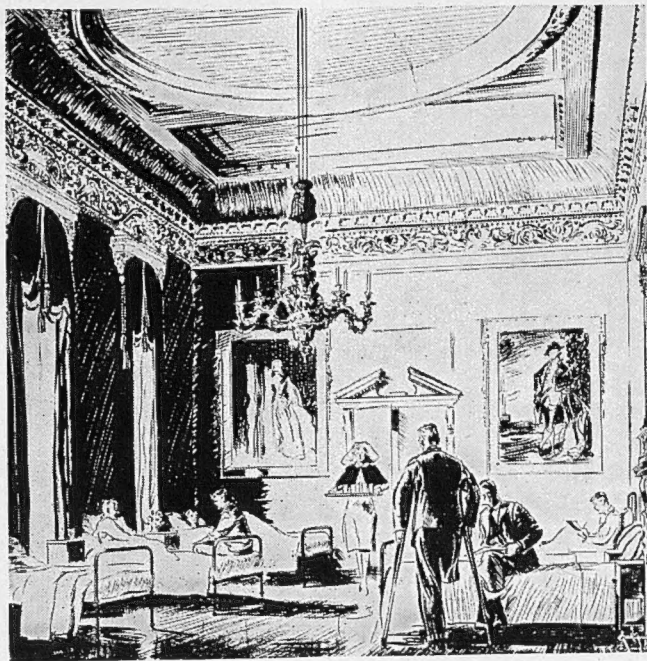
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AS THESE WORDS are written no man can tell if Christmas will find Europe at Peace,

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Lonely old folk, gentlewomen in distress, sick people, children, will be made glad if Christmas for them can mean something more than just happiness for other people.

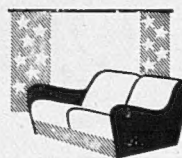
Your generous impulse, kindly thought and goodwill, expressed by your gift to the Church Army this Christmas will make such a difference to so many.

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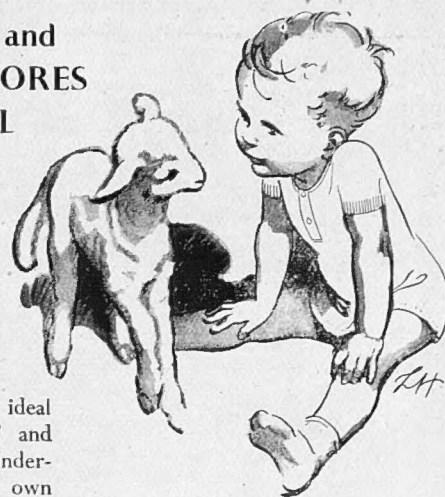
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